

Blue & White



36

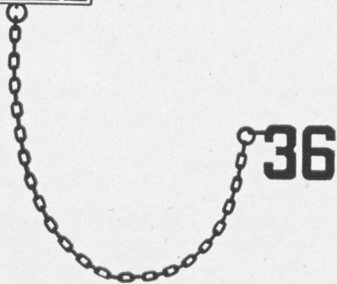


WINNIPEG GENERAL HOSPITAL

BLUE & WHITE

A record and memorial of the
1936 GRADUATING CLASS

MAY, 1936



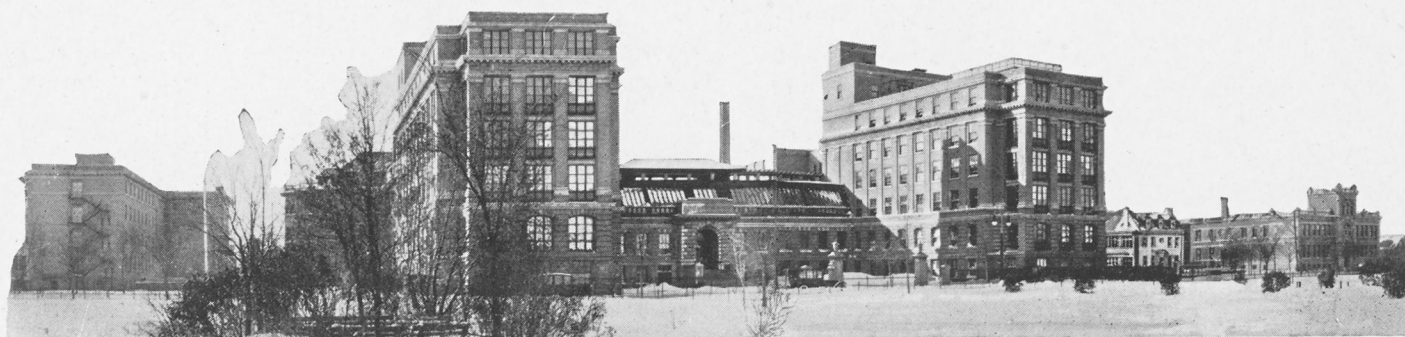
Honorary Class President
MISS JEAN MACHRAY

MISS T. WIGGINS,
*Acting
Superintendent
of Nurses.*



DEDICATION

In an endeavour to show our recognition and appreciation for her careful guidance and keen interest in so ably acting as Superintendent of Nurses, we, Class 1936, affectionately dedicate to Miss Tryphina Wiggins this edition of the "Blue and White."



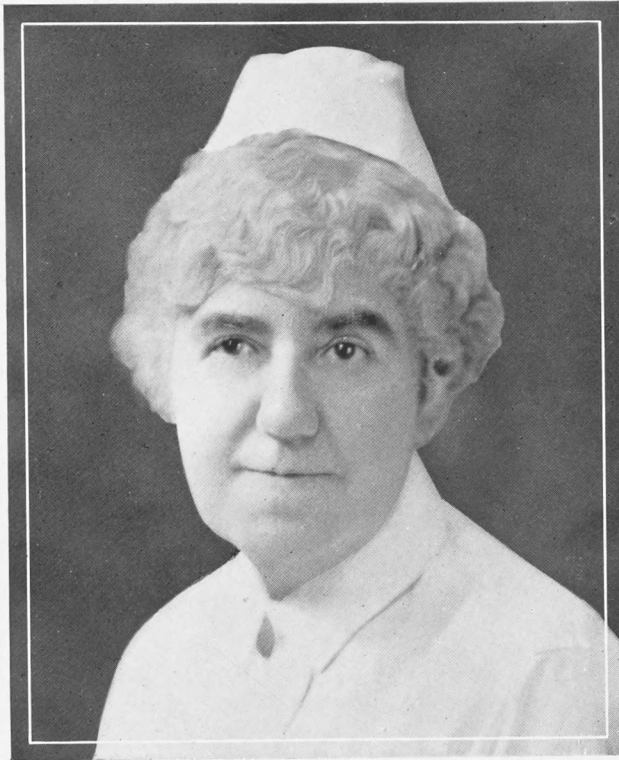
THE WINNIPEG GENERAL HOSPITAL



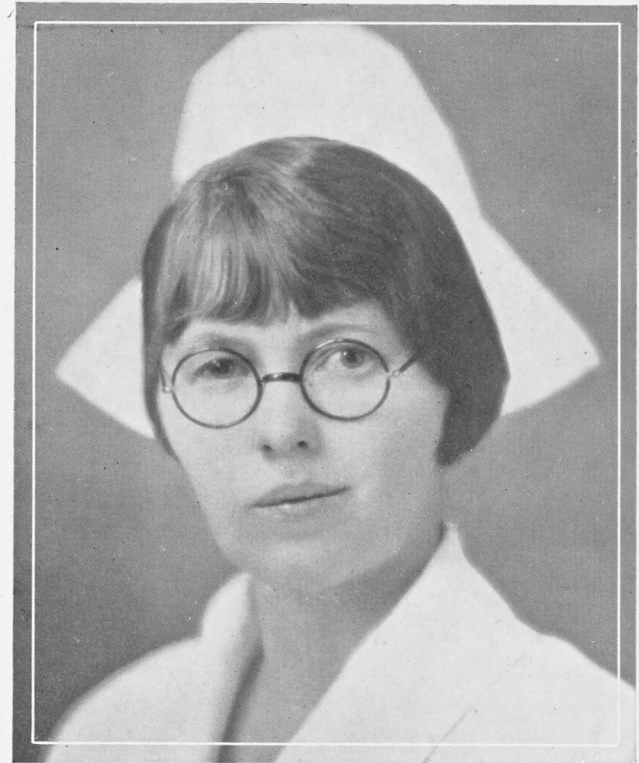
DR. G. F. STEPHENS,
Superintendent of the Winnipeg General Hospital.



DR. H. COPPINGER,
Assistant Superintendent



MISS M. MCGILVRAY,
Night Superintendent



MISS H. JOHNSON,
Assistant Night Superintendent

STAFF NURSES



Front Row—Miss Catherwood, Miss Baldwin, Miss Turner, Miss Campbell, Mrs. Miller, Miss Smith, Miss Landy, Miss Graham, Miss Honey.

Back Row—Miss Ganton, Miss Mudd, Miss Muir, Miss Thompson, Miss Duncan, Miss Morecombe, Miss Dawson, Miss McDowell, Miss Henderson, Miss Johnstone.

INTERNES



Front Row—Dr. R. Anderson, Dr. Homer, Dr. McCammon, Dr. Poole,
Dr. Stephens, Dr. Campbell, Dr. Love, Dr. Andison, Dr. Hart,
Dr. Scarrow, Dr. Rennie.

Back Row—Dr. Orchard, Dr. Moir, Dr. Hooge, Dr. Lederman, Dr. Bruser,
Dr. Tucker, Dr. Malcolmson, Dr. Rubin, Dr. McDiarmid, Dr. McNicol,
Dr. Kilgour, Dr. Little.

TO OUR SUCCESSORS

*T*HERE are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the profession the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

*Give love and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your in'most need;
Have faith and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.*

*Give truth and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.*

*For life is a mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do.
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.*



FOREWORD

*F*URTHER evidence that the depression is lifting is shown by the appearance in its new and improved form of "The Blue and White" for 1936.

We who sit on the side lines look forward yearly to this "March of Time" in book form, depicting the parade of events in the school life of the Class. We get a cross-section of the thought of the student nurse of the day and sometimes "Inside stuff" on past occurrences or future expectations.

In its kindly humor, keen discernment, and wealth of photographs, this Annual furnishes a record of one generation of students—may it evoke many happy memories.

G.F.S.



S. BONNOR

I. BRETZ

R. BROWN

R. BROWNELL

B. BROWNSTONE

S. BONNOR, Carnduff, Sask.—Sue is an ex-High School teacher; comes from a family of nurses, being one of four sisters to train in the W. G. H. She is loyalty personified; conscientious and reliable to the nth degree. Her capabilities were so evident she was called upon to help lead the “pros” along the straight and narrow path to “capdom”; which duty she ably performed. This lass has had almost every special training in the school which, combined with her natural efficiency, gives every assurance of her future success. Our best wishes go with you, Bonnor.

I. BRETZ, Moosomin, Sask.—It seems Inez was blown over here with one of the snow storms from the west, one cold February morning. Although it took her a while to thaw out, we have found her to be a true, warm-hearted friend. In spite of that blonde hair, she is an A1 nurse and her success is assured.

R. BROWN, Winnipeg, Man.—

Here's a lass who is mighty small,
She's proved a friend to one and all.
A charming personality,
Plus heaps of originality.
That's our Brownie.

R. BROWNELL, Winnipeg, Man.—

“It's the song she sings
And the smile she wears
Which make the laughter everywhere.”

Ruth is a local product, born and educated in Winnipeg. After many setbacks, through illness, she has finally realized her life-long ambition to be a nurse. Among other things Ruth is interested in music and English. She is loyal to her friends and is an all-around good sport. Best of luck in your future work. Some day we'll come up and read that diary.

B. BROWNSTONE, Plum Coulee, Man.—

Say it—I cannot;
Explain it—I cannot;
Repeat it—I cannot;
Why?—I don't know.
What?—Her qualities.

Leaving Plum Coulee (where plums are few and coolies far between), she landed on the W. G. H. doorstep for admission. Success was hers. She possesses a deep understanding, a cheerful countenance, combined with a desire to help those in need. Thus she has what it takes to make an “ideal nurse.”



M. CAMPBELL

G. COOK

D. COX

F. DISS

E. DICKSON

M. CAMPBELL, Winnipeg, Man.—Well do we remember Myrtle with her ever ready help which she so generously gave to everyone; her twinkly eyes, wholesome laughter and quick retorts are known to all of us. Campbell's ambition, her capability and untiring energy will carry her far. She has the material that makes a good nurse. We expect to hear great things of Campbell in the future. Best wishes, Myrtle.

G. COOK, Winnipeg, Man.—Known affectionately as "Cookie." Always in the midst and generally the cause of excitement and fun, but can assume responsibility of School President with ease and ability. Is a delightful guest, as she enjoys the refreshments so much and keeps the same thought in mind when hostess.

D. COX, Saskatoon, Sask.—
Distinctive eyebrows, plus
Perfect teeth, plus
One pair of striped panties, plus
A lot of noise, equals
Cox.

Immaculate to the nth degree—humorous, sarcastic and witty—in possession of a most unusual vocabulary, dared to be used only by Cox—the whole governed by a genuine heart of gold. Her approach may be compared to a storm cloud, but every cloud has a silver lining. Best luck in the future.

F. DISS, Winnipeg, Man.—

A kindly nurse in Florence Diss;
In duty never found remiss.
Others may lose their way and roam
But Florence always reaches home!
When Florence leaves the G. H. fold
She plans to be a sailor bold;
To nurse the passengers when gales
Make them heave-ho along the rails.
And if she's not below the hatches
We think that she'll enjoy dog-watches!

E. DICKSON, Arcola, Sask.—We will always remember Anne and our three years together. The most striking characteristic in Anne's "make-up" is her sincerity which is evident in all she does. It is a privilege to have such a loyal friend. She is a good nurse and co-operates in all activities. Our love and best wishes go with you, Anne.



M. EWENS

A. FRAZER

D. FRASER

H. FRAZER

M. GRANT

M. EWENS, Bethany, Man.—Marjorie, who presents a quiet, reserved front possesses a kind, sincere and sympathetic nature beneath which lies a keen sense of humor; conscientious and unassuming with a roguish smile and a subtle wit. She enjoys good music and literature, 'specially poems. At all times Marj has proved herself a true comrade and a friend worth while.

A. FRAZER, Hamiota, Man.—

Agnes has been with us for three years,
She has been loyal and true,
And certainly lots of fun, too.
Here's wishing her luck and not any tears
Through this and all the coming years.

D. FRASER, Oxbow, Sask.—

Deep blue eyes and wavy hair,
Roguish smile and merry air,
Sincere, vivacious, happy too;
A real good friend, honest and true.
The very best of luck, Dorie.

H. FRAZER, Govan, Sask.—Our ideal classmate and friend—a popular asset with her ready wit, unfailing good humor and her happy facility in doing her "Gorilla Act." She has a weakness for Saskatchewan, but early in her career recognized Winnipeg's social possibilities. After three years acquaintance we hope the future years hold many opportunities for the lovable qualities and friendship of "Our Helene."

M. GRANT, Winnipeg, Man.—

She quietly carries out her duties,
Her friendliness is one of her characteristic beauties.
Ever ready, a kindness, a sympathetic smile,
Makes her patients forget and think life's worthwhile.



E. GREGORY

E. HARDER

S. LAIDLAW

S. LEVINSON

C. LEWIS

E. GREGORY, Winnipeg, Man.—Our Greg—she has always been ours—ever devoting herself sympathetically and unselfishly to our cause. We are proud to recognize her as our Class President and President of our School, and well has she guided us through our training. In Greg we can always find a friend ready to join us in our work and play. Many of our good times together have been due to Greg's generous and lovable nature inspiring us. Our thoughts go with you, Greg, and may God bless her.

E. HARDER, Plum Coulee, Man.—

From Plum Coulee she came to join us
To nurse was her ambition.

Although she never made a fuss
She's now carved out her mission.

On duty she is quiet and reserved, but off duty she is noted for her numerous jokes and pranks. A loyal and true friend. May Good Fortune follow her wherever she goes.

S. LAIDLAW, Winnipeg, Man.—Better known to us all as "Sally." Possessed of the happy faculty of always being ready to "go"—in her work or her play. The supervisors worry about her, the patients like her, the doctors hold consultations about her and the nurses envy her slender waist. As a nurse she is one of our best, as a friend she is never too tired to do some kind thing. All the luck in the world to you, Sally.

S. LEVINSON, Winnipeg, Man.—Sybil appears quiet only to those who are not acquainted with her. Her friends know her to be gifted with a great sense of humor and a fund of good nature. She always accomplishes what she sets out to do.

C. LEWIS, Winnipeg, Man.—Clara always has been and always will be an enigma, but withal she has entered heartily into all activities of '36. Her special hobbies are, reading, and all outdoor sports, particularly tennis, and canoeing. She is a happy and cheerful companion, interested in the progress of the profession of nursing and willing to expend her energy in helping to carry out any worthwhile plan.



R. LITTLEJOHN

S. LACK

D. McGUINNESS

F. MELVILLE

R. MILNER

R. LITTLEJOHN, Arcola, Sask.—

A friend, a worker, most dutiful.
Her mien and disposition alike, very beautiful.
Whatever her task, be it heavy or light,
Is done very cheerfully and always done right.

S. LACK, Winnipeg, Man.—

We never quite could see
How Lack did it.
Her dynamic personality?
Now you've hit it!

She conquered all who came to know her. Her sympathy and keen understanding led her classmates to her when they needed consolation and advice. A perfect nurse and a true friend. Is there anything more to be said?

D. McGUINNESS, Brandon, Man.—

Sure she's a rogue—by the twinkle of her eye—
But also she is sweet and as a nurse she's wise.
She went to the Mission and trudged for miles
And when she came home she was covered with smiles.
She has music in her fingertips; and should you hear
her sing,
You'd listen in enchantment which that silvery voice
does bring.
Those sea-blue eyes can sparkle with fun;
If she happens to scowl, you'd better just run.
But it won't last long, so you'd better come back.
Three cheers for Doreen and a pat on the back.

F. MELVILLE, Bannerman, Man.—Hails from Bannerman, near Killarney. Set out to be a nurse and see the world. Is enthusiastic over all sports and is good at them. We call her "Mel" and are all very fond of her.

R. MILNER, Carberry, Man.—We know Ruth as the girl who came in training to be a good nurse and who has realized that ambition. Whether it be aiding a "pro" over the rough spots or helping a classmate, Ruth can be counted on. Our wish for her future is that she will know the happiness and success she so well merits.



D. MORTON

E. NICHOLSON

E. NOLAN

L. PATRICK

T. READ

D. MORTON, Gladstone, Man.—

"Clever, happy, peppy, snappy—'36, Rah!"

Dorothy embodies the above spirit of '36. She has a sense of humor "all her own," which is ever present. Even her nickname "Mutt" doesn't discourage her. Efficient, never at a loss, a good pal. May your progress continue, Mutt.

E. NICHOLSON, Wapella, Sask.—

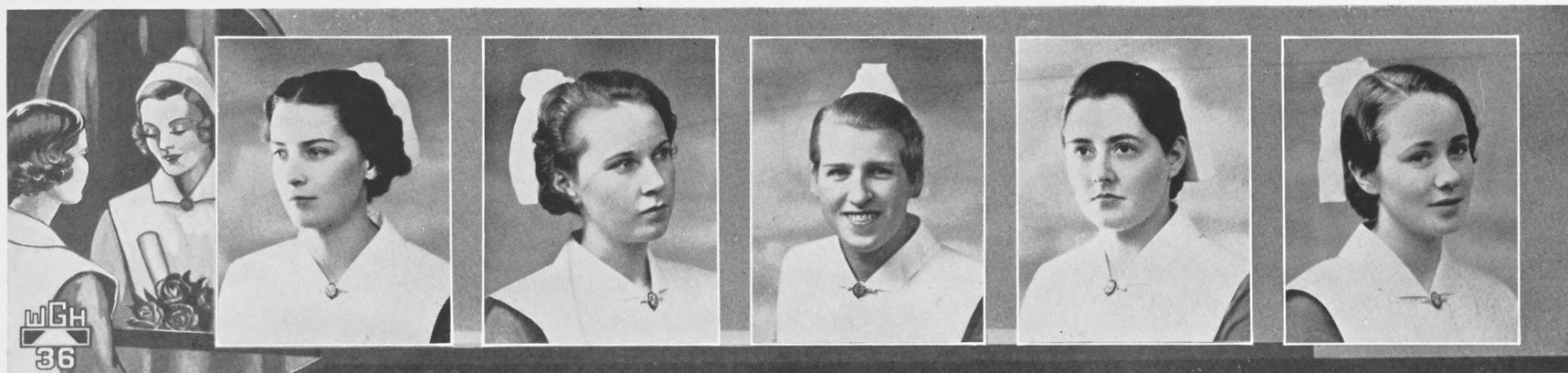
From out west, one cold winter's day
Came "Nick" to join the W. G. H. array.
So full of zest, we never could learn
How she had so much energy to burn.
She proved this too in her usual way,
Being first to arrive at her "finishing day."
She'll take the knocks with her happy grin,
Good Nature is always sure to win.

E. NOLAN, Roleau, Sask.—

Evelyn Nolan from Roleau came,
Her height is only four-foot-eight.
She'll be leaving us soon, it is sad to relate.
So we'll wish her good luck before it's too late.
What's in store for her future we cannot just say,
But lots of success to her all the way.

L. PATRICK, Winnipeg, Man.—Lucy is a well loved member of '36. She is a quiet friend and co-operates in all activities. Many of us have been helped over difficult moments by encouragement derived through contact with her happy nature and high ideals. A conscientious nurse for whom our wish is that her life may be a happy one with all her desires attained.

T. REID, Govan, Sask.—Quiet and unassuming yet always ready to lend a hand, materially or otherwise. A staunch friend and lovable pal, praised for her ward efficiency and capable hands. "Teasie" will always hold a warm spot in our hearts and brighten the memory of our training days.



D. REID

M. ROSS

Z. SHEWFELT

C. SHORT

D. SLY

D. REID, Winnipeg, Man.—Born and educated in the 'Peg. Left University to enter the seclusion of the Nurses' Home—perhaps it was the quietness she sought—who knows? However, Dorien is possessed of a keen sense of duty. When she works, she works; when she likes, she likes; when she doesn't, she doesn't.

"Her past is bright,
Her future brighter."

M. ROSS, Winnipeg, Man.—Blue-eyed, fair-haired, vivacious, with a perfectly good sense of humor—partially describes our Ross. She's a friend to everyone—laughing with us in our joy and sympathizing with us in our sorrow. Beloved by patients and friends alike, we will follow her future with interest, and may Fortune always be with her.

Z. SHEWFELT, Narcisse, Sask.—Comes from Narcisse and spends a lot of time explaining where that is. Is a good nurse, with big ideas for the future and a big determination to make them work out. A good friend and we all love her.

C. SHORT, Pettapiece, Man.—Have you ever heard of Pettapiece? Neither had we until Shorty arrived. So—"Pettapiece must be heaven, for our Shorty came from there." That angelic look in those big brown eyes has proved to us that she's the only one left since Pandora opened the box. Sympathetic, generous, kind and true—there's nothing too good for our Shorty.

D. SLY, Flaxcombe, Sask.—

From Flaxcombe, Saskatchewan, comes Dorothy Sly, Her nature is not what the name might imply; For she's open and free, she's jolly and nice, Off duty she's happy if placed upon ice. She has an expression—you've heard it before, When anyone enters, she cries, "Shut the door!" Her greatest ambition (which many girls share) Is head-nurse and partner with some millionaire.



F. SOLMUNDSON

E. STEFANSON

M. TURNER

V. VIRGIN

P. WALTON

F. SOLMUNDSON, Gimli, Man.—

Chug, chug, chug, a big surprise . . .
The Gimli train has just arrived
With a nurse to be, a personality—
Those almond eyes that make her wise
That turned up nose leads on the pros,
Her charming smile makes life worth while;
The Icelandic trend is bound to lend
To her efficiency and all . . .
Personality revealed by our Sol.

E. STEFANSON, Gimli, Man.—When “Stef’s” ancestors came from the Arctic circle, little did they dream what a boon they were to Canada in giving to her our “Stef.” She’s the kind who intends to do things and does them. As a nurse there’s none to beat her. A jolly nature and a chaser of the blues are her chief assets.

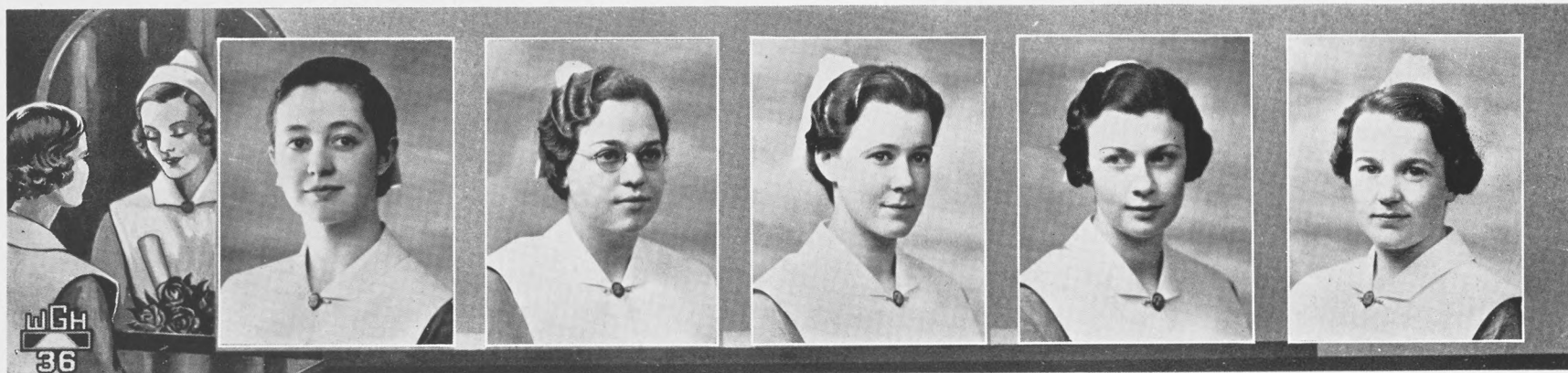
M. TURNER, Central Butte, Sask.—Our Mary—vivacious and lovable. Hails from Saskatchewan and received her education at St. Chad’s in Regina. Her choice of W. G. H. in which to receive her training has been of value to all social and sport activities of the school. Her eager, spontaneous wit is known by all. Through her interest in “professions” we prophesy a successful nursing career and a very happy future.

V. VIRGIN, Foam Lake, Sask.—

“A friendly, sunny smile for all;
A ‘Sure, I’ll help you, give me a call!’
A friend worthwhile, a girl true blue,
A worker, a pal and a good sport too.”

Her courage, her faith, her optimism inspire all who know her.

P. WALTON, North Battleford, Sask.—Do you know Pat? She is still a mystery to most of us. Her character has so many sides; she is so jovial, set so deep that it is difficult to comprehend all. Pat is talented and a good sport—above all an intensely interesting friend. Best wishes—we will watch your progress with interest.



M. WARDELL

R. WATSON

D. WILLIS

H. WILSON

J. WOOD

M. WARDELL, Moose Jaw, Sask.—Martha is a graduate of Saskatchewan. She possesses an understanding heart, a keen sense of humor and an infectious laugh. She is an outstanding member for her success as a nurse, her loyalty as a friend and the certain knowledge that we will always be proud of her. Her future is assured and may all her wishes come true.

R. WATSON, Winnipeg, Man.—
Rosalind Watson, here's a lass
With lots of spunk and lots of sass.
With curly hair and eyes of blue
Glints of Irish shining through;
A sunny smile and heart of gold,
But if she's mad you'll soon behold.
And she's always just herself,
Even in falling off a shelf.
There are other nurses under the sun,
But of Rosalind Watson there's only one.

D. WILLIS, Eastend, Sask.
There's a lass that's known as Willie
To her friends.
She has fingers that are skilley
To their ends.
She has hair of auburn hue,
Eyes of gray.

She has freckles just a few,
A winning way.
She's been with us three long years
And a while.
She can chase away all fears
With a smile.
She can capture any heart
Now we say.
May Good Fortune take her part
All the way.

H. WILSON, Winnipeg, Man.—Everybody knows Helen, for during her three years with us she has distinguished herself. Coming in training to be a good nurse in every way, she has succeeded. Frequent complaints are not uncommon from Helen but we wonder if she means them. And did you ever try to make Helen change her mind? Well, don't! It's useless. Success in the future is assured. Our best wishes go with you, Helen.

J. WOOD, Fraserwood, Man.—Better known as "Woodie." For fun, practical jokes and generosity, she is second to none. May the years shine on Jeanie as she smiles for us. A warm, true and constant friend.

THE OPERATING ROOM

*W*EREN'T you just a little breathless when you looked at the changes that Sunday night and saw your name posted with those two letters "O.R." following it? You were—and although you were excited, you sort of dreaded the morrow. You had doubtless heard vague tales of having that cold liquid, ether, poured down your back; of being handed dismembered limbs to dispose of; of the duck pond, and of other weird things too numerous to mention.

Arriving in the O.R. on Monday morning you were handed a bunch of keys and told to unlock the doors. After that you joined the other nurses in the mad scramble for dresses. No nurse ever quite fits these dresses—she is either too tall or too short—the best one can do is to pick out a dress which comes below her knees and wear it as gracefully as possible. Some kind soul then arranges your cap on your head and you sally forth ready for work. Some one tells you what you are expected to do during the morning and you wonder if they realize that there is only one of you.

However, dusting comes first. If you are tall you can reach the tops of the doors, if not, a chair forms part of your equipment. By the time you have taken out the gauze; buttered the bread and set out peanut butter and jam; gone back to the ward with numerous patients; washed gloves and instruments in your spare moments; you find that the morning has gone and very rapidly, too. You are starving regardless of the peanut butter and jam, so you welcome your first P.M. in the O.R.

The next day proved a little better; you began to be able to find your way around by yourself. Everything went smoothly until the time came to do the instruments. These are queer things with arms and legs that have to be dried after being

scrubbed by one of the orderlies. One who has never dried instruments cannot conceive the countless numbers that are used in a single morning. A few more odd jobs are done and you are finished for the day.

The days pass by rapidly, bringing with them the first day you have to "wait in a theatre." Perhaps you didn't know you could make so many mistakes, and be sent to look for so many things you didn't know where to find. Others knew where these things were, but they were too busy to tell you, so you hunted and hunted until you met with success—or one, more kind than the others, came to your rescue.

Evenings and nights came next. Floods and emergencies went hand in hand during those two weeks. Sometimes you were up all night with emergencies; other nights are so quiet and peaceful that you see the shadows moving around you as you count the sutures and gloves in the anaesthetic room. Friday and Saturday nights are busy because on these nights one oils the instruments and washes the cupboard shelves.

Scrubbing is the most interesting part of our O.R. training. The nurse dons a mask, sterile gown and gloves and is given her first scrub lesson by one of the staff nurses. After having scrubbed several times with one of the staff nurses, you may be left to take some minor operation by yourself. And are you elated? Be careful you make no mistakes!

After three days scrubbing you find that your days in the O.R. are drawing to a close. As you look back over the days you wonder how six weeks could have gone so quickly. On Sunday you leave with regret. I may truly say there will always be a warm spot in the heart of '36 graduates for the O.R. and its staff.

THE EYE AND EAR OPERATING ROOM

THE mere mentioning of the Eye and Ear O.R. brings back many happy memories for those of us who have had the privilege of this special training. For, from the very first hour there, life takes on an added interest. Each one has their own special duties, which are quickly carried out and everything made ready for the day's operations.

Your first day and you are quietly informed to scrub for the next tonsil case. Horrors! you think. Am I to scrub all alone? But after the first day's scrubbing everything seems so much easier. Of course you always have a senior to tell you what to do next. And then, all the doctors are very patient and willing to explain things to you, so that you don't feel so out of place.

Memories of clinics; 3.30's off; your first mastoid scrub; and eye cases you watched with awe hardly daring to breathe. Remember the first enucleation you saw?

All these thoughts are conjured up by the words Eye and Ear. We must not omit mentioning Miss Effler, our most able supervisor, who endeared herself to us all and made life in the Eye and Ear O.R. a pleasure.



O. R. COMMANDMENTS

1. Never bring the patient to the O.R. on time—it shows the nurse's independence.
2. Laugh and joke with the doctors—it's a sign of friendliness.
3. Ask the doctor periodically what he is doing—it shows you are taking an interest.
4. Never count the sponges—take the doctor's word for it, you might hurt his feelings.
5. Tell the patient of the risk he is taking—prepare him for the worst.
6. The waiting nurse stands stationery and waits—taking orders from no one.
7. Always turn on the theatre lights after the gas has been started—especially ethylene.
8. Dust and mop the floor during bone operations to be sure things are clean.
9. Always have windows and doors wide open to allow for plenty of fresh air and keep that healthy temperature—never below 40° F. It's good for the patient.
10. Always leave the sterilizer running. It is very refreshing to come from a hot theatre to a cool plunge.



1. Slice 'em up, gals! !
2. Say, "Ah."
3. What! No work to be done?
4. And they say there aren't enough instruments.
5. Oh for a midnight plunge!

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE "GEORGE"

MY arms are "dishpan" up to the elbow.
Scrub, scrub, scrub, and scrub again.

Are you clean or dirty? A familiar question at the George.

But the eight weeks pass surprisingly quickly and all too soon comes that examination at the end.

We leave with a dread of floors, contamination and measly coughs, and wonder if ever we can touch anything again without asking ourselves, "Is that clean or dirty?"

POSTED FOR THE GEORGE? ADVICE? CERTAINLY.

Pack all your belongings, including hand lotion and hair-net into no more than three trunks.

Remove the tucks from your uniforms—you won't need them long—and arrive at the George, sober and dignified before 10 p.m.

Report to have bugs classified and receive notes—you're supposed to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest them.

Discard marks of seniority and appear with sleeves rolled for action, watch pinned high and dry. Your training has begun.

Keep your balance, the floor is "dirty." Watch that hopper, it is not necessary to fall into it to become contaminated. Don't drop thermometers down scrub-up sink—they break at 30c apiece (expensive pastime.)

Do not grease hands and arms before going to meals. By Order—Do not grease walls, paint is provided for same.

To conclude, we assure you that, barring this formidable list of "don't" and disregarding the unmentioned "do's" you will like it all, you will enjoy your stay among the rashes and will leave with a feeling of something learned, something gained.



The MARGARET SCOTT NURSING MISSION

MENTION the name of the Mission to nurses who have been there and immediately one sees an added brightening of their eyes and a shrewd observer would note that at once they seem to forget their surroundings and to be transported in spirit to the Mission.

Memories and never-to-be-forgotten experiences assail their minds; their uniforms, little black bags with their mysterious contents, streets never heard of before.

Why is the Mission so loved by the nurses fortunate enough to train there? Certainly not because of the exercise obtained by running for street cars and busses; not because of the long tramps in the blazing sun or a forty-mile an hour winter's gale; although it is granted these have their places in future reminiscing. But primarily because there is a sense of being needed and appreciated by these people among whom the Mission nurses do their work. The light in a patient's eyes when the nurse appears is more reward than spices from Araby.

Thus the Mission is symbolical of Service done in true Christian spirit.

For the Mission we wish all success; on Mrs. M. Scott, its founder, we bestow our love and admiration for her courage, endurance and forethought. May this work expand and broaden with the years.



- 1 & 2. Don't tell me they're both Internes. How are you doing, Thorson?
3. The old reliables.
4. Why the frowns? Exams or just the sun?
5. Once we were Probies.
6. Where do we go from here?

CASUALTY

TO see one's name posted for "Casualty" is to anticipate and experience one of the greatest thrills and brightest spots of our training.

Work begins at 7 a.m., when instruments, enamel, wood-work and everything else in sight is scrubbed clean and shiny by a very enthusiastic nurse in charge, and then the dusting—oh!—those window-sills, tops of cupboards and screens, and one begins to wonder if their predecessor ever dusted. We live to learn, a little later, that this thought is not original, but has been wondered by every casualty nurse since casualty began.

"House cleaning" barely finished one sees the ambulance draw up. Excitement and curiosity win over our professional dignity and we almost strain our necks peering out the window trying to see what our first case may chance to be. An advance guard, so to speak, of policemen, and on the stretcher an inert figure, "a suicide." After a brief second or two of utter helplessness, a thought presents itself—"the Interne." An emergency call, the sleepy answering voice and then an "Okay, I'll be right over." And at that very instant a desperate fight begins to save a life, so little valued.

And as the day wears on, we see and treat cut fingers, broken bones, skin conditions, aches and pains from top to toe. Advice on medications are received for most part with eagerness and gratitude. Of course there is the odd patient who is "never better," but in casualty these are few and far between.

In between the crowded moments one must make sponges, dressings and replenish the supplies. We often wonder if one interne ever will take the hints we offer and desire to learn the art of making sponges. Some day we hope they will. Internes could be such a help at times.

And just when things seem peaceful, the immediate horizon is dotted with four or five huge individuals in neat blue uniforms and all, it seems, with muddy shoes be it wet or dry outside. "The Cops" and in the midst of them a joyous, musical individual who most evidently has had a "wee drappie too much" and who has other ideas as to where he wishes to go, than have our broadly grinning friends. "Admit to Obs" the interne orders. We, alone, propel our patient through the door, while grins become broader as the policemen wonder how "these little nurses handle 'em."

Our first day nearly over, we have yet another case to handle. The dreaded "dope fiend," who will sell his very soul to get the panacea he cannot do without. Hungry, tragic, greedy eyes observe our every movement as we administer the drug, making sure not one single drop escapes. Out he goes, and we realize we have seen one of life's great tragedies.

Thus the day ends. We tidy up, leave everything ready for the night staff, for casualty goes on throughout the day and night—welcoming, patching and sending on their way all those who need the services we can give.

Miss Baldwin, our respected supervisor, deserves great recognition in this brief discourse. We love her for her sense of humor, kind heart and helpful suggestions which enable us to maintain a steady balance and interest in our work.

And "Robert," now no longer with us after twenty-two years of splendid service, leaves memories behind of kind assistance and of Scottish wit, which made friends of those he met. He is sadly missed, but he has gone to his reward and in the words of an old patient who knew him well, "God bless his soul."



1. Peace, Perfect Peace!
2. Staff of the George.
3. A letter from home.
4. Incubation periods.

THE VICTORIAN ORDER OF NURSES FOR CANADA

THE Victorian Order of Nurses was founded in 1897 as a Canadian tribute and memorial to Queen Victoria on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee. The Queen took a keen interest in the welfare of this new organization and that interest was maintained by Queen Alexandra and Queen Mary by accepting the office of Patroness.

At present there are eighty-three branches and approximately three hundred and fifteen nurses on duty from the Atlantic to the Pacific all especially qualified to carry on Public Health nursing, and working with the threefold purpose of assisting in healing the sick, preventing disease and promoting community welfare.

A substantial portion of the work done by the Order is maternity service. In co-operating with the family doctor, the nurse gives pre-natal instruction, nursing care at delivery and post-natal visits, all of which combine to assure greater safety and health for Mother and Baby.

Bedside nursing is the fundamental principle of the Victorian Order. While giving this skilled care the nurse is alert to seize every opportunity of giving instruction in home nursing and teaching home and community hygiene.

The Victorian Order Service is available to all persons ill in their homes where there is a doctor in attendance. The fee varies, based on the ability of the family to pay.

In all other branches of the Victorian Order of Nurses there is a great deal of charity work done for those unable to pay, but in Winnipeg the Margaret Scott Mission take these cases.

The Victorian Order of Nurses also conducts "Well Baby Conferences." The Winnipeg branch have one in East Kildonan, one in Fort Garry, and one in St. James, where the Mothers can bring their babies up to two years of age to

be weighed and receive advice re the health and habits of their children.

The staff nurses also hold Mothercraft classes for 'teen age girls in various vicinities in the city. At these the girls are taught how to care for a baby, as well as simple nursing procedures they could carry out in their homes.

The Victorian Order has an affiliation with the Winnipeg General Hospital whereby a limited number of students may spend two months each with the organization. During the first month the student accompanies one of the staff nurses and observes how the different procedures are arranged and carried out in the home; then, during the second month she does more work in the district by herself. This work is really very beneficial to the student nurse whether she continues in Public Health or not, as she acquires a much better understanding of the many factors which enter into the situation when illness arises in the home.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

OUR S.C.M. has had a successful year. We are continuing to support a bed and cot in the hospital at the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission in Zanik, India, and follow with great interest the progress of the hospital and the inmates of the bed and cot.

During the year we have had several interesting speakers at our meetings. These speakers bring us views of the outside world on current topics and so help widen our outlook.

As an organization of the Nurses' Training School we give our best wishes to the School and Hospital and hope that the future may be bright for them.



1. Hard on the "tummy," gals!
2. Just two Mission orphans.
3. Clinic Day for the V.O.N.
4. Gone but not forgotten.
5. More orphans.

PSYCHO

THIS building with its famed shining walls, how much we all look forward to our training there with a mixture of eagerness and apprehension! Especially is the latter emotion felt in the hearts of unskilled printers, as the perfectly printed reports are as famous as the glistening cleanliness.

Of course the patients are the main source of interest. It is most disconcerting to find your name learned and used much more quickly than you can return the courtesy. It is also a little upsetting to be asked your opinion on some theory expressed in a book on political economy. Not infrequently are you a little disturbed regarding your own I.Q. and realize that comparisons would indeed be odious in some respects.

Then, when you become part of the highly developed routine of the day, your enjoyment begins. The incomparable delights of holding that enviable position of "Lady of the Bath," are never to be forgotten. The sturdier builds may have more flattering memories than those of more frail structure. The long and weighty arguments on behalf of eating three square meals a day, staying up during the day, going to bed at night and sleeping when you get there, are all matters which call for agility of mind and tongue. You are also amazed at the number of reasons you are able to put forth when endorsing the administration of some medication. Any tendency on the nurse's part to be a trifle self-satisfied is soon dispelled and an absolute indifference to public opinion is a necessary protection against the frank discussions which are apt to take place.

The hours spent in the gaily furnished recreation room, with its radio and shelves of interesting books, are pleasant to recall. It is true you may have learned to play euchre under the eagle eye of a deadly earnest teacher, whose patience regarding your errors may have been a little limited. Your bridge, in all probability, may not have measured up to standard either and the merits of a much brighter partner will be extolled with great deliberation and directness.

The excellent work done in the Occupational Therapy Department is another source of amazement. Although we have

very little to do with this special line of teaching, we are able to appreciate the splendid results. Greater than the work itself is the satisfaction and measure of self-confidence it restores to the patient.

The benefits received from this phase of our training are too numerous to outline. The most important of all, however, is the greater tolerance we learn and the desire to teach this tolerance to the often misunderstanding public.

HOURS AMID THE PAGES

WE tread in softly. Our voices are hushed. The darkness envelopes us, we grope—the light—dark. Suddenly the books lying peacefully upon the shelves, portray themselves—here, there, everywhere. Bones—Veins—Blood—Sutures—Disease—Ethics—Diets.

Figure prancing—dancing.

"See my appendix incision."

"Glance upon my arthritis."

"I'm an L.O.A. baby."

"Minds explaining mental traits."

We no longer grope—the light becomes clearer—the pages reveal secrets. Suddenly—our anatomy decides to stand by and take notice of human instincts—Love—Drama—Comedy—Mystery. Why—"It must be fiction." The light—clearer, clearer—but yet remains a little dim.

Where are we? For three years we have been groping for information, study—little relaxation. The light disguised as the information we have gained in three years is still a little dim, for we still have a great deal to learn from our W.G.H. Nurses' Library.

CLASS WILL, 1936

Miss Wiggins Our respect.
Miss McGilvrey Side-boards, non-smoking patients.
Mrs. Millar Fewer sick nurses, more Mag. Sulph.
Mrs. Hutsell Our thanks.
Miss Landy Wiser pros.
Miss McDowell Our round garters.
Supervisors More like us.
K.G.H. Bigger and better bugs.
Pete and Alec. Two cups of coffee.
Paddy Our respect and admiration.
Margaret Scott Mission Fruit for supper.
1937 Our black shoes.
1938 Our good name.
1939 Our sympathy.
Dr. F. Abbott } Brotherly respect
Dr. C. Abbott }
Dr. Aikenhead Our discarded bed-room slippers—
size 8.
Dr. E. Alexander All his own instruments.
Dr. L. Bell (Buzz) Rubber heels.
Dr. Boyd Well-bred microbes.
Dr. Brandson Our love.
Dr. Burns Service plus.
Dr. Chown Cod Liver Oil mii t.i.d.
Dr. Coppinger Our finger-nails.
Dr. A. M. Davidson Woodbury's Soap.
Dr. Elvin All success.
Dr. G. Fletcher Smooth boracic powder—also straws.
Dr. R. D. Fletcher Heat. Discretion.
Dr. Fahrni Forceps and more forceps.
Dr. Gunn One to keep up with him.
Dr. Galloway White gloves to match his O.R.
ensemble.
Dr. Gilmour Tongue-tied patients and pussy-foot
nurses.

Dr. Gibson His little brother.
Dr. Grant Anaesthetic mallet.
Dr. Gardener More like him.
Dr. Hay A.P.G. in penmanship.
Dr. Jobin Artificial dentures on trial.
Dr. Kitchen More patient patients.
Dr. Leishman Our appreciation.
Dr. Mathers Nuts.
Dr. Mitchell Quintuplets.
Dr. Moorehead Nurses who sleep at nights, not at
lecture.
Dr. Morse Full monopoly of the cystoscopic
room and nurse.
Dr. Musgrove More lecturers like him.
Dr. McEachern Our heart's desire.
Dr. McGuinness A day-time stork.
Dr. N. J. McLean Hostess for the "Duck Pond."
Dr. D. S. McKay Nothing below 85°.
Dr. McQueen A well-earned holiday.
Dr. M. R. McCharles All our appendices.
Dr. Neilson Less fascinating powers.
Dr. Olson More spare ribs.
Dr. Richardson Continued success.
Dr. Scott A less disarming smile.
Dr. C. B. Stewart Congratulations.
Dr. Stephens Our admiration.
Dr. Thorlakson Carving set—engraved P.H.H.T.
Dr. Washington More tall nurses.
Dr. Waugh A dark theatre.
Senior Internes Best of luck.
Junior Internes Another year's grind.
Joe His soup.
X-ray Department Internal vision.
O.P.D. Social Service Our old clothes.
Diet Kitchen Banana skins with thanks.

FAREWELL SENIORS

Tune: "Good Night Sweetheart"

FAREWELL seniors,
 Soon, alas, you leave us.
 Farewell seniors,
 Your departure grieves us.
 But, however, there's no to do,
 Next year this time, we'll be leaving too.
 And always, seniors finish
 As the old year passes
 And are followed by succeeding classes.
 So, good-bye now,
 May good luck attend you—
 Farewell, seniors, farewell!

A Bleeding Tale Tears the Heart Strings

THE haemorrhage tray,
 The haemorrhage tray,"
 The newly cap did not hear right
 And so away she sailed.
 She pounced upon the hypotray
 And thrust it in the Interne's way.
 The Doctor turned an ashen grey,
 And frowned a dark ferocious frown,
 He gave the girl a shove away,
 And nearly knocked her down.
 He dashed into the J.D.R.
 And spied a nurse quite up to par.
 She handed him the haemorrhage tray.
 That Interne fainted dead away! !

CLASS YELL

WE'VE got the go—we've got the get—
 We've got the gang that's got the pep—
 We may not do the things we should,
 But, anyway, we think we're good.
 And though we may not land in Heaven,
 We are the class of '37.

The New J.D.R. Nurse

WHEN your head is in a muddle,
 And your feet are in a puddle,
 And the mastoid trays are piling up galore.
 When the Doctors keep you guessing
 As to who will do a dressing,
 And the sterilizers flooding up the floor.
 When you pray that they'll be finished
 Before your strength's diminished,
 When the mirrors and extensions can't be found;
 When the scrub up's full of brushes,
 And your forehead's hot with flushes—
 Do not get alarmed or weaken—hold your ground.
 Enter boldly at the portal
 You're as good as any mortal,
 And, if necessary, elbow through the Docs.
 In a few weeks you will love it—
 Thinking likely nothing of it—
 Give yourself a mental shake—pull up your socks.



INTERMEDIATES 1937



Back Row—E. Prygrocki, I. Porteous, M. Berg, A. Robb, R. Shanks, C. Duke, A. Baird, K. Brandon, F. Diner, M. McLaren, E. Hamilton, E. Houghtling, E. Lindquist, M. Johnston, D. Alexander, M. Burtnick, D. Russell, D. Hibbert, M. Hind.

Middle Row—N. Smith, P. Swalm, A. Parker, E. Leishman, L. Sproule, G. Birch, L. Penny, M. McLean, A. Howell, M. Lawrence, H. Reimer, J. Sigbjornson, K. King, S. Sigurdson, S. Brandson, M. Sutherland, E. Casson, E. Cowan.

Front Row—F. McPhail, R. Drennan, M. Raber, M. Spratt, H. Vopni, E. Parker, D. Rose, L. Halpenny, G. Williams, D. Keeler, I. Brayford, C. Sutherland, H. L. Wilson, M. Smith, W. Clayton, H. Crellin.

JUNIORS, 1938

Tune: "What's the Reason"

THE poor, poor probationers are we,
Capless and cuffless, lamentable to see.
Please tell us how you got your caps
And listen to our plea.
Oh we work and we slave,
All we have to give is gave.
Oh tell us what's the reason
We're not pleasing you.
We won't fail, you will see
'Cause we've got what it takes.
We will win out, all we need is lucky breaks.
Still we try and we try, yet we never satisfy,
O, what's the reason we're not pleasing you?

NURSE'S ALPHABET

A ____ is for catheters, and bottles galore.
B ____ is for women with tummy's so sore.
C ____ is for typhoids, dermatitis, and all.
D ____ is for soldiers, with complaints so small.
E ____ is for enemas, bed pans and such.
F ____ is for specimens, look before you touch.
G ____ is for women, they moan and they groan.
H ____ is a haven all of it's own.
J ____ is for tonsils, ears and eyes.
K ____ is for casts, any shape or size.
Ei ____ is for children, large and small.
Eii ____ is for lights, always bright in the hall.
Eiii-iv-v ____ is our fair domain.
Wi ____ is for accidents, and complaints of pain.
Wii ____ is so busy—you're never through.
Wiii ____ is for Paddy, with a smile for you.
Wiv-Wv ____ we have babies so red.
Obs. ____ is for sideboards, restraining sheets—nuff said.

1938 - A

HERE were forty and one young ladies,
Who thought they would like to tend babies,
So they packed their clothes
And came in droves
Those forty and one young ladies.

But now there are only twenty-eight,
Who have passed all the tests and fate,
We have done our best
And have helped the rest
To keep from getting the gate.

We've worked and we've slaved,
Had fun, but we made the grade.
Wrote home to mother,
Played tricks on each other
Lost track of the beds we've made.

Tune—"Jingle Bells"

ANSWER lights, answer lights,
On and off they go.
More bed pans, more bed pans,
Hurry to and fro.
Work those pros, work those pros,
They won't be here long,
While the spirit's willing
And the flesh is strong.

What Do They Tell us You?



The probationer is told to bathe the patient's feet.

JUNIORS 1938



Back Row—M. Stewart, O. Wilkinson, V. Hannon, B. Bateman, I. Henry, E. Robinson, M. Cole, E. Ward, D. Watson, M. Patterson, F. Scoville, J. McDonald, E. Egland, D. Oxenham, G. Gillies, R. Ostopovitch.

Third Row—E. Neely, D. Simpson, P. Small, K. Hubbard, F. Lough, P. Pettigrew, E. McCrea, E. Wood, E. Benjaminson, G. Armit, N. Wood, H. Tomlinson, Ev. Blakeley, E. Blakeley, M. McDonnell, L. Lloyd, E. Bruiser, E. Trueman, M. Mitchell.

Second Row—F. Sadler, V. Hillier, M. Simm, P. Bonnor, E. Robertson, A. McLeod, N. Hall, F. Olafsson, Y. Carr, K. Weatherhead, M. Lockhart, B. Fred, J. Freiden, G. Vipond.

Front Row—A. Philax, J. Olsen, E. Brieddal, C. Pinn, C. Peterson, G. Burgess, H. Warkentein, G. Myrdal, C. Sparke, O. Smith, E. Ross, M. Turner, P. Bredl.

HOROSCOPE

Name	Known As	Appearance	Expression	Noted For	Hobby	Ambition	Pet Aversion
BONNAR, SUSANNA	Bonnar	Neat	Gosh!	Being a friend in need	Studying	Staff position	Intidyness
BRETZ, INEZ	Bretz	Neat	Hmm!	Blonde hair	Writing letters	To live in a sound-proof building	People who ask senseless questions
BROWN, ROSE	Brownie	Petite	Oh - -	Clothes	Making Xmas presents	To P. G. in New York	Being called Rosie
BROWNSTONE, BERNEICE	Brownston	Good natured	Oh gee!	Appearing busy	Eating	To lose weight on four-square meals a day	Working
CAMPBELL, MYRTLE	Myrtle	Expectant	Oh say!	Asking questions	Catching mice	Instructress	Interference
COOK, GLADYS	Cookie	Trim	Unprintable	Wisecracks	Food	To work in a delicatessen shop	Proctors
COX, DOROTHY	Cox	Immaculate	Censored	Telling jokes	Encouraging discouraged Juniors	P. G. in obstetrics	The meals
DICKSON, ANNE	Dickson	Cool and collected	For gosh sakes!	Sense of humor	Knitting sweaters	P. G. in O. R.	Peeling potatoes
DISS, FLORENCE	Diss	Smart	Honestly kids	Being out	Playing her gramophone	A very desolate desert island	Class meetings
EWENS, MARJORIE	Marj.	Reticent	Well say!	Timidness	Getting boxes from home	Be a good nurse	Pep
FRASER, DORIS	Dorie	Puckish	O! bless me	Her humor	Siestas	To nurse Eskimos	Being solemn
FRASER, HELENE	Helene	Happy	Have you heard this one?	Gorilla act	Looking for letters	A little grey home in the West	Being quiet
FRAZER, AGNES	Aggie	Mischievous	Shoot!	Even temper	Five-year diary	Be a district nurse	Supervisors
GRANT, MARGARET	Margy	Tiny	Well!	Knitting	Going home	To go to England	Evenings
GREGORY, EVELYN	Greg	Lovable	That's feeble!	Her capability	Taking care of '36	A year's sleep	People without class spirit
HARDER, EVELYN	Harder	Unconcerned	Fancy that!	Stewing chicken	Having her tea-cup read	To sleep for a thousand years	Noisy radiators
LACK, SARAH	Lack	Impish	You make me sick	Singing in the bathtub	Listening to her radio	A deep, dark secret	Remarks on height
LAIDLAW, SALLY	Sally	Impish	Oh, heck!	Slim waist	Whistling	To take a P.G. in something	Being bossed
LEVINSON, SYBIL	Levie	Sincere	Listen, kids!	Hand lotion	Reading	To swab the throats of school kids	Dermatites
LEWIS, CLARA	Looie	Wholesome	Say, kids!	Reading	Books and art	Camping in the wilds	Hurrying
LITTLEJOHN, RUTH	Ruth	Martial	For the love of Pete	Being different	Hats	To nurse in the Soo	Bridge parties

HOROSCOPE—Continued

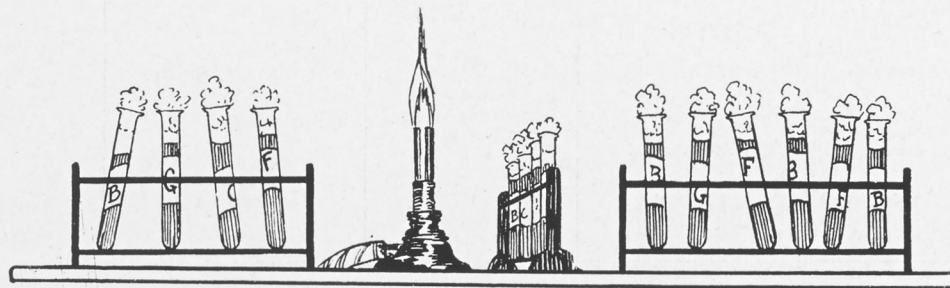
Name	Known As	Appearance	Expression	Noted For	Hobby	Ambition	Pet Aversion
McGUINNESS, DORREEN	Dorreene	A Colleen	I'll tell you after new years	Brains +	Piano	Supervisor	People who waken her
MELVILLE, FLORENCE	Mel	Boyish	I'll kill you for this	Worrying	Sports	Sailing the ocean blue	Evams
MILNER, RUTH	Ruth	Sweet	Now girls!	Going to church	Writing home	To be a missionary	Smoking
MORTON, DOROTHY	Mutt	Peppy	I'll kill you	Her laugh	Singing	To go to a German Beer Garden	Moonlight and geraniums
NICHOLSON, EILEEN	Nick	Mischievous	Huh - - - !	Eating Soup	Sketching	Greenwich Village	Bed-room slippers
NOLAN, EVELYN	Nolan	4 ft. 8	Gosh!	Original ideas	Looking for her key	To go places	Making her bed
PATRICK, LUCY	Lucy	Quiet	Holy smoke!	Reciting Poetry	Her family	Finish training soon	Working on holidays
READ, THERESA	Teasie	Contented	Where is Pee?	Nose	Psychology	To study medicine	Hoppers
REID, DORIEN	Dorien	Red-headed	Do I look beautiful?	Promptness at prayers	Prize fights	To be slim	6.30 a.m. for prayers
ROSS, MARION	Ross	Animated		Going home	Dancing	Millionaire	Staying in
SHEWFELT, ZELLY	Zelly	Shy	We had the best time	Knitting	Growing plants	Revelstoke, B.C.	Public speaking
SHORT, CLARA	Shorty	Naive	Do you think so?	Believing in people	Asking advice	To know all the answers to everything	Inquisitive members of the female sex
SLY, DOROTHY	Sly	Hurt	Keep quiet	Shrugging her shoulders	Minding her own business	To be her own boss	Rules and Regulations
SOLMUNDSON, FRED	Sol	Exotic	You jackass	New boy friends	Poetry	To go to China	Pathogenic bacteria
STEFANSON, ELLA	Ellie	Bustling	Do you know what happened	Speaking loudly	Creating rumors	To go home	Unenthusiastic people
TURNER, MARY	Fishface	Excited	Will you listen for my buzzer	Going out	Explanations	A private phone	Coming in on time
VIRGIN, VIOLET	Virgin	Genuine	I'm so tired	Sleeping in	Visiting	To work in a hospital where there are no clocks	Unkindness in any form.
WALTON, PATRICIA	Pee	Unaffected	Hello!	Tidiness?	Visiting O.S.N.	China Mission	Going to bed
WARDELL, MARTHA	Martha	Poise	For crying out loud!	Getting the giggles	Phoning the aunts	To live well	Getting up
WATSON, ROSALIND	Rosie	Happy go lucky	So I just said	Falling off shelves	Doing things for her friends	Specializing a perfectly healthy individual	Lifting 200 pounds out of bed
WILLIS, DOROTHY	Willie	Alert	Say, listen kids!	Talking	Phoning	O. R. work	Reports
WILSON, HELEN	Helen	Professional	Have you got anything to eat?	Neatness	Moving furniture	To go to India	Sitting still
WOOD, JEAN	Jean	Complacent	Come in kids!	Generosity	Taking pictures	Pediatrics	Tantrums

COMMON TALK

The covered wagon.
 Aw, You go with the doctor.
 Stay like that—I'll be right back.
 Any changes tonight?
 How many did we admit?
 Hey, will you wash my back?
 Who took my cuffs?
 Put out the light—I hear someone coming.
 Give her some Soda-Bicarb. and shut her up.
 Did the bell go?
 Run—we still have a minute.
 Nurse—are you busy?
 Good night for remaining patients.
 Is there a phone call for me?
 Visiting time is up, please.
 Friday—fish for dinner.
 Did you sign the relief-book?
 Nurse—I *never* take sugar in my tea.
 Yes or no?

MEDICAL DEFINITIONS

Epidermis A plague.
Aseptic Person not believing anything.
Lesion Unit of the old Roman army or French Foreign Legion.
Toxic Loquacious.
Abrasive An article of feminine underwear.
Cranial Of genus "crane."
Tonsil Shaven poll of a priest.
Scalpel Peculiar to the scalp.
Adenoid Angry, furious.
Tissue Exclamation used in sneezing.
Corpuscles Non-commissioned officer, next in rank to sergeant.
Pulmonary Characteristic of a sleeping car.
Cartilage A charge of explosive.
Post-mortem Dead letter office.
Lumbar Roughly prepared timber.
Neuritis Writer's cramp.
Artery An old English sport, played with bows and arrows.



MAT.

'T WAS the night before New Years
 And all o'er the flat
 All the patients were sleeping,
 For this was the Mat.
 Their charting all finished,
 The evening girls there
 Left the flat in our charge
 And the babes in our care.
 The babies were nestled
 All snug in their beds,
 All peaceful and quiet
 For they had been fed.
 We took our absorbent
 And well, bless my hat!
 We heard the lift doors clang
 As 'twas leaving the flat.
 There stood a new patient,
 A tear in her eye,
 We put her to bed
 And bade her not cry.

When her treatments were finished
 And her history all taken
 We took up the absorbent
 That we had forsaken.
 When all of a sudden
 There arose such a clatter
 We sprang to our feet
 To see what was the matter.
 Away to the ward
 One nurse flew like a flash
 Threw up the window,
 Tore open the sash;
 And what to her wondering eyes did appear
 But a lovely big stork with his burden so dear.
 So swiftly he came,
 She knew she must hurry
 So in the case-room
 She went in a flurry.

The doctor was called,
 The Sup. did appear,
 They all told the patient
 She'd nothing to fear.
 The stork was in white
 From his head to his knee,
 His feet and his legs
 Were uncovered, you see.
 We spoke not a word,
 Placed the babe in the bed,
 Read the name thrice
 With a wise nod of his head.
 Then turning around
 He prepared for his dash
 And out of the window
 He flew like a flash.
 But I heard him exclaim
 As he flew out of sight—
 "I'll be back here again
 'Ere the end of the night."

A NURSE'S DAY

SIX o'clock or thereabouts she rises each morn.
 Rolls out of bed with many a yawn,
 Devoutly wishing that sick patients had never been born.
 But Duty calls.

Has prayers, then breakfast, then as good nurses ought
 Trips gaily to her flat to read the report;
 Goes to collect her clean linen, finds everything short,
 That galls.

Cheerfully carries each patient a breakfast tray.
 Some patients are grouchy and say, "Oh, take it away."
 If her thoughts could be interpreted that patient she'd slay—
 But she smiles.

To make her beds the next thing she plans,
 Interrupted occasionally to carry wash basins and pans,
 And if Miss Smith sees a draw sheet more or less than two
 spans—
 Trouble piles.

Surgical dressings the next on her list to attack;
 Some patients are helpful, others hold her work back.
 Oh, what wouldn't she do, to give one hearty smack—
 To the latter.

I nearly forgot temperatures she takes by the score;
 Some nurses leave you cool, just normal, no more.
 Others make you feel your temperature tops a hundred
 and four—
 Nerves all a-tatter.

After taking your temperature she says, "Yes or no";
 If you don't reply "Yes," she gives a satisfied "Oh!"
 And sweetly replies, "I'll let the orderly know—
 By and by."

Some patients all day persistently ringing their bell.
 Nurses ignore the ringing, as for the orderly they yell.
 He is nowhere around, so with a muttered "Oh well"—
 They reply.

As evening draws on her medicine tray she will set,
 Distributing cascarras, kind words, Liquid Pet.
 Alcohols your back till your bed's nice and wet—
 Thinks it's fun.

But when she is finished, she starts in to grieve,
 Wants to stay on the flat, hates her patients to leave.
 And you must be crazy, if this last verse you believe—
 Her day is done.

SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS OF NEW INTERNES

WHEN the new internes enter in the fall,
Oh, "gimme a nurse," is their favorite call.

Then——

Smapisms O.H.iv
Catheterizations by the score,
Sterile fomentis O.H.¼
Don't forget to boil the water.

I want specimens, is their rule.
Sometimes we think, "Oh, what a school!"
When it comes to medications
We wonder, "What's their education?"

When we need some h.s. orders,
We always have to phone the quarters,
Where we sometimes find one man
To answer all the calls he can.

Histories they all love to take
Mostly for curiositie's sake.
Especially on E and B
The internes there in swarms you'll see.

Salyrgen for "F" they all do know,
Quinine for "E" flat, oh! what a blow.
Babes on the Mat. are always far ahead,
If it weren't for the nurses, they'd have
them all in bed.

But on the whole,
Upon my soul,
We could not do without them.

THE NURSE

THE world grows better year by year
Because some nurse in her little sphere
Puts on an apron and smiles and sings
And keeps on doing the same old things.

Taking the temperatures, giving the pills,
To remedy mankind's numberless ills.
Feeding the baby, answering the bells
Being polite with a heart that rebels.

Longing for home and all the while
Wearing the same old professional smile;
Blessing the new-born babe's first breath,
Closing the eyes that ars stilled in death.

Take the blame for the internes' mistakes,
Oh, dear, what a lot of patience it takes!
Going off duty at seven o'clock,
Tired, discouraged and ready to drop.

But call back on special at seven-fifteen
With woe in her heart, but it must not be seen.
Morning and evening, and noon and night,
Just doing it over and hoping it's right.

When we lay down our caps and cross the bar,
O Lord, will you give us just one little star,
To wear in our crowns with our uniforms new
In the city above where the Head Nurse is you?



"PADDY"

THREE YEARS

Tune—"Little Brown Jug."

ONE morning, early as could be,
 We down the stairs did trip with glee;
 With our shoes and our Bible in our hand,
 We were a careless, happy band.
 For you see, as nurses to be
 Miss Landy started us in '33.

But we soon were brought to earth
 And we found that studies were sapping our mirth.
 Seven to nine, there was ward work too;
 A bed in seven minutes we were expected to do.
 We were writing exams busily
 Around the Christmas of '33.

Eight-hour duty came next for us.
 Soon we were capped—oh! what a fuss!
 Then we found, which didn't seem right,
 We were sleeping all day and working at night.
 Juniors no win '34
 They're still trying to teach us more.

Gastric analysis—it was Miss Graham's pet.
 If you worked on "F"—"Have you done one yet?"
 Miss Smith's teaching also to the fore,
 Sterile preps and shavings by the score.
 It seemed that Christmas '34
 Found us writing exams once more.

Then to the Mat. and the great O.R.,
 Psycho, too, and some have gone as far
 As the Mission door at George St., ninety-nine,
 And thence through the city their light did shine.
 How time flies, sakes alive,
 We find it's mid-summer '35.

Short cuffs we wear that are stiff and white;
 Make that probationer do what's right.
 But as seniors in this school,
 None of us must break the rule.
 So you see, like bees in a hive
 We've been busy in '35.

But busier still, I think I may say,
 With graduation coming at the end of May.
 Dress and cap, bib and apron, too;
 Uniform from tip to toe must be new.
 Oh! if you are from the sticks,
 You may not know it's 1936.

There's a class of nurses going to graduate,
 We're busy that night, we've got a date.
 We'll get our diplomas, our medals too;
 Won't we be proud when we get through?
 Will you now in your mind, please fix
 The class and year of '36.

HOLIDAYING IN THE GENERAL

J howl with pain, they bring a needle,
 I'm stabbed to death like a garden beetle.
 Around my bed they place a shroud
 Then look at me and laugh aloud.

Morning comes, they won't let me eat.
 I swallow a tube, it's about nine feet.
 They affix a syringe to the protruding end;
 They pump me out till my backbone bends.

Each fifteen minutes they pump with glee,
 Till there's not much left of my anatomy.
 They desist at last, for the specimens show
 They've brought up a corn from my left big toe.

Taken down stairs to be x-rayed
 What's left of me is in the dark displayed.
 They tell me 'tis "barium," but alack and alas,
 In my opinion it's ground up glass.

Back in my ward, I frantically ring my bell.
 Nurses say, "Nightingale"—and other things as well.
 Hours after they relent, and a sweet little thing
 Will innocently ask you, "Did anyone ring?"

Alcohol, hypos and hot water bags;
 Pathological tests, are only a few of the snags.
 But I guess I am lucky, for I deem it no loss,
 Just fancy my tummy in a rhinoceros.

MEMOIRS OF 1936

“TONIGHT at eight, meet in Room 13, in pyjamas and gown and ribbon green.”

This was the informal invitation to the “Initiation” and 1936 had its first social function, a memorable occasion, for we then felt as if we really knew our classmates and the supervisors who attended. The misleading rules which were read and which we were told to follow carefully lent to us a note of fearful anticipation and merriment to all the others.

While still “Pros” we hiked to Colonel Thompson’s, built a bonfire by the river and roasted weiners. The fact that we literally “stole” the staff cake doesn’t seem to darken the memory of this happy event.

Our first dance with a month of worry and planning terminated in one short evening, but what an evening! Large April rain-drops, snug little umbrellas, and balloons everywhere—the Decorating Committee were to be congratulated.

The Class Dinner was held at Pearie’s Tea Rooms, and the Court Whist, which followed, kept all tables lively and hilarious. This evening proved so enjoyable that the following year found us again at the same place with a delightful game of bridge and dainty lunch as the order of the evening.

The second 1936 dance was more ambitious—everything was “ship-shape”—port-holes, life-boats, anchors, etc., the crown-

ing glory being a gangplank entrance. With the peppy music and friendly contact, it proved a great occasion and surpassed our wildest expectations.

Christmas week brought its own special dinner, where we were able to render class songs and class yells before trooping upstairs to dance the clock round ’til midnight.

Christmas eve, itself, found the Reception Room a scene of youthful rejuvenation. Myriads of Mother Hubbard’s children, decked in rompers and hair-ribbons, thronged about a gorgeous twinkling tree laden with gifts. Each class, in presenting its skit, vied with the others for applause.

In Hallowe’en’s wake followed a dance typical of the occasion, adding another happy memory.

As well as these milestones in our training days we have had informal bridge parties, meeting at someone’s home for lunch; teas, hikes, bowling, not to mention the feasts held when someone received a hamper from home.

The climax of the three years finds its setting in the anticipated graduation exercises, with its accompanying banquet and “Grad’s Farewell.”

Class 1936 offers special thanks and deep appreciation to those who have made these good times possible.

*HOW little it costs, if we give a thought
To make happy some heart each day.
Just one kind word, or a tender smile,
As we go on our daily way.*

AN INCIDENT

She slipped! I know that's not unusual
And has been done before
By other folks at divers places,
In present days and yore.
But this girl sat upon the floor
Most unbecoming to a nurse,
But, as I mentioned once before,
Others experience this curse.
Thus far the tale this nurse will tell
And others run a parallel.
For people slip and people fall,
Newton's law applies to all.



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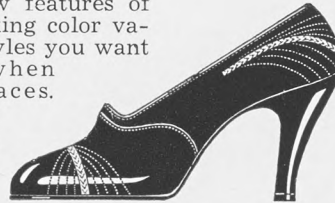
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right note
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new outfit.



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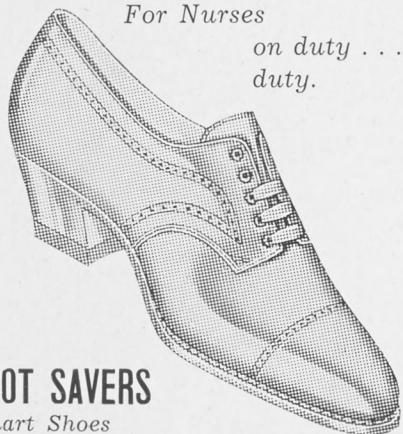
378 PORTAGE AVE.

For she was carrying—this my dear
Is where our tales diverge—
A big white tray in both her hands
The descendant to her dirge.
Across the ward she lightly tripped
With a crash she met the floor.
Without a warning she had slipped—
As, my dears, I said before.
Ice water drenched her uniform,
The starch was quite extinct.
The patients forgot their wails and woes,
Her cheeks were more than pink.
When questioned later by reporters—
Who for news are hounds—
She blushed quite red, but nonchalantly
Said, "Oh, nurses have their ups and downs."

Recommended

For Nurses

on duty . . . off
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A Friend



One day two men with a stretcher
Carried me out into the snow
They put me into the ambulance
And we to the Edward did go.
They carried me down to the basement,
Oh! with the greatest of care.
One man looked at the other,
He said, "There's a hundred and sixty there."
The nurse took only a minute.

It was really a very short stay;
There came a light, a blinding flash,
She had taken the X-ray.
And now I am back in my bed
And here they say that I must stay
Until this cough that troubles me
Has vanished and gone far away.

He was a traveling salesman and got this from
his wife:

"Twins arrived tonight. More by mail."

VISIT . . .

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JAILED AT THE GEORGE

In my gown of unbleached cotton
And my pyjama coat so gay,
Upon a bed in F flat
I've lain for a week and a day.
A cough and a running nose,
They admitted me quick as a flash.
Those things don't go at the George
You may break out into a rash.

I told them I'd had measles and scarlet,
Whooping cough and chicken pox as well.
We'll keep you in for a day or so—
You know you never can tell.
Magazines I've read by the dozens—
And they're mighty hard to secure;
But then you get quite desperate
When you're in for a rest cure.

COMPLIMENTS OF . . .

PERTH'S

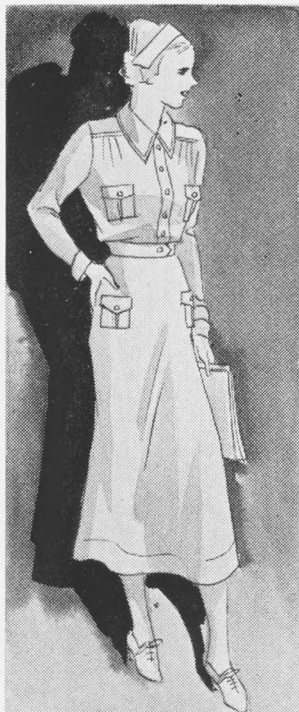
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—making the choice of hosiery no longer a problem. We saw to it that they were long wear-

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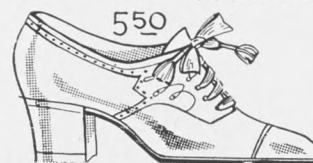
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A little girl was put in an upper berth for the first time. She kept crying 'till her mother told her not to be afraid because God would watch over her.

"Mother, are you there?" she cried.

"Yes."

"Father, are you there?"

"Yeah."

A fellow passenger lost all patience at this point and bellowed forth—"We are all here, four father and mother, brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles and cousins. All here. Now go to sleep."

There was a pause. Then, very softly:

"Mamma,"

"Well?"

"Was that God?"

NO WAITING

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J. STEPHENS, Prop.

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Photographer—"Perfectly, Miss."

Nurse—"Then shoot quick, it hurts my face."

~ ~ ~

Lecturer—"Wake up that girl next to you."

Nurse—"Do it yourself, you put her to sleep."

~ ~ ~

Nurse (to a patient who had parted company with his dinner)—"Do you feel nauseated?"

Later (patient in the next bed, in a hurry)—
"Nurse, quick, he wants to nauseate."

~ ~ ~

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Junior evening nurse asked Float for a placebo as there was none on the flat.

"I have been under a Dr.'s care for 35 years."

"My goodness, what is the matter with you?"

"I got foolish when I was 18 and married one."

Probationer—"What is the dreadful smell coming from the lecture room?"

Senior—"It is the dead silence they keep in there."

Irate Customer (in restaurant)—Say, waiter, my herring is bad.

Waiter—Why don't you see a doctor?

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"Are you a doctor," asked a young lady stepping into a drug store.

"Naw," replied the youth behind the counter, "I'm just the fizzician."

Pat—How can you chew your gum so long?

Mike—Oh, I soak it in gasoline to get more mileage.

Nurse—I understand your patient is dead.

Doctor—Yes, the operation was so very successful that she died of the shock.

Man is but a worm.

He comes along,

Wiggles about a bit,

And then some chicken gets him.

Hudson's Bay Company
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1870



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WE WONDER !!

Who sends Nolan all the chocolates (hard on the figure, Nolan).

What Ruth Littlejohn would do without her family.

When Marj. Ewens' frivolous nature will out.

How many scholarships B. Brownstone is in line for.

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To the Graduating
Class of 1936

•

**The PAULIN CHAMBERS
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When M. Grant will lose her temper (hope we're there to see it.)

If Ruth Milner could ever get into a good scrape.

Which hospital E. Gregory hopes to superintend.

Whether A. Dickson will take up district nursing in the far north.

When Clara Lewis will get a few breaks.

How many have yet to hear all Cox's jokes.

If Dorian Reid's blushes are from embarrassment or the product of cultivation.

Why Jean Wood is developing that come hither look.

Whether Myrtle Campbell has memorized the Slate Board Question and Answer Book.

Why G. Cook is never quite awake at 6 a.m.? (Can't take it, eh, Cookie?)

What D. McGuinness would do if she couldn't call on her "Irish," frequently.

When Agnes Frazer will take up ballet dancing.

If Helen Wilson is still in the Instruction Office.

What is Sally Laidlaw's definition of a good time.

How long D. Morton took singing lessons.

When we'll see Lucy Patrick in a backless evening gown.

How S. Bonnor maintains her professional dignity.

When Teasie Read will regain her lissome figure.

Where Brownie gets all those snappy come-backs (is it Grapenuts?)

What is the secret of Helene Frazer's busy buzzer.

Why Doris Fraser objects to being called "goofy" looking.

When Pat Walton will be out of hot water.

If Martha Wardell will ever stoop to conquer. "Clever, happy, peppy, snappy— '36, Rah!"

Don't worry when you stumble. Remember a worm is about the only thing that can't fall down.

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Who Is . . .
Beautiful

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